

# The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME II.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1860.

NUMBER 43.

## The Republican.

Is Published every Thursday.  
At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.

OFFICE:  
In G. C. Jones & Co.'s New Brick Block.

Terms of Subscription.

To office and mail subscribers \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance.  
5 copies to one Post Office address, \$6.00.  
When left by the Carrier, Fifty Cents additional will be charged on regular rates.

Advertisements.

(Twelve lines or less considered as a Square.)

One Square, 10 lines, 10 days, 10 cents.  
Two Squares, 20 lines, 10 days, 20 cents.  
Three Squares, 30 lines, 10 days, 30 cents.  
Four Squares, 40 lines, 10 days, 40 cents.  
Five Squares, 50 lines, 10 days, 50 cents.  
Six Squares, 60 lines, 10 days, 60 cents.  
Seven Squares, 70 lines, 10 days, 70 cents.  
Eight Squares, 80 lines, 10 days, 80 cents.  
Nine Squares, 90 lines, 10 days, 90 cents.  
Ten Squares, 100 lines, 10 days, 1.00.

The privileges of yearly advertisers will be confined rigidly to their business, and all other advertisements not pertaining to their regular business, to be paid for extra.

All legal advertisements charged at the statute price.

All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

THE ABOVE TERMS WILL BE STRICTLY ADHERED TO.

JOHN W. WALKER, of every description neatly executed with promptness, on the most favorable terms. Orders solicited.

## Business Directory.

PROFESSIONAL.

M. PORTER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office at Alward's Book Store, Denison Block, Front Street, Residence first door below the Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac, Mich.

W. E. CLARKE, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon. Office at his residence, on Division Street, directly north of the Methodist Church, Dowagiac, Mich.

W. H. CAMPBELL.

Notary Public. Will attend to all kinds of Conveyances—Republican Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

C. P. PRINDLE, M. D.

Office, at his Residence, Dowagiac, Michigan.

JUSTUS GAGE.

Notary Public and general Agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real Estate. Office with Jones Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block.

CLARKE & SPENCER.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in G. C. Jones & Co.'s Block, Dowagiac, Mich. Special attention given to collections throughout the North-west. JAMES B. CLARKE. JAMES M. SPENCER.

D. H. WAGNER.

Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

COOLIDGE & PLIMPTON.

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Niles, Mich. Office over R. T. Twombly's Store.

H. H. CONVERSE.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public, Cassopolis, Cass Co., Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds promptly remitted.

DR. E. R. ALLEN.

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office at his residence on Commercial Street, directly opposite the Post Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

MERCHANTS.

H. W. RUGG.

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front St., Dowagiac, Mich.

GEORGE SMITH.

Tailor. Shop over Brownell's Hardware Store. Cutting and Making done to order, and warranted to fit.

A. N. ALWARD.

General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Denison Block, Dowagiac, Mich.

G. C. JONES & CO.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

F. G. LARZERE.

Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MARKET STORES.

IRA BROWNELL.

Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

H. B. DENMAN.

Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Stamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

DOWAGIAC NURSERY.

SEELY & COLE, having established themselves in the Nursery Business in this village, will furnish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawns, Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, Evergreens, and every variety of Shrubby.

Office with Dr. Clarke, on Commercial St., second building from the Post Office.

T. P. SEELY, M. D.

W. M. COLE.

F. D. BECKWITH.

Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front Street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich.

Dowagiac Union School.

THIS SCHOOL is now well established, graded and classified on the plan of the best Schools of this State, and under the supervision of T. N. WELLS, will give perfect satisfaction to its patrons.

The School year will be divided into three terms. The FALL TERM of 16 weeks, will commence on MONDAY, September 12, 1859.

Terms of Tuition—Foreign Scholars.

Primary, \$2.00. Senior, \$3.00. Junior, \$5.00. Academic, \$7.50.

J. H. SMITH, Director.

Dowagiac, Dec. 16th, 1859. dec23-35v1

WANTED!

YOUNG MEN, of good education and regular habits, 3 young ladies of pleasing address and a couple of middle aged gentlemen, to make selections and purchases from a well assorted stock of Books, Stationery and Paper Hangings, which can always be found at

ALWARD'S BOOKS TORE.

Dowagiac, June 14th, 1859. jule-91

## The Little Grave.

Mother, you told me, when the bell toll'd solemnly and slow,

As we saw the mourners weeping, and old Robin's funeral go,

That the churchyard, then so dreary, so flowerless and cold,

Was the last home of the weary, the rest-place for the old;

So I did not fear for a long, long time, to pass the tombstones by,

For I knew I was not very old, and thought I could not die.

But, mother! 'neath the dark yews where we saw his funeral pass,

I saw, oh! such a little mound, half hidden in the grass:

And I could not get it out of mind, and when my prayers I said,

I thought of the cold, cold churchyard, and that little narrow bed.

And then I knew that such as I, Death sometimes takes away,

And if I were not good, I too might in the church-

yard lie; and I pray God will not let me go in the cold, cold grass to lie,

Because I love you, love you, love you so I do not want to die.

## Lost Hours.

As slugs through opened fingers,

As grains upon the breeze,

As beads from broken rosaries,

As leaves from frost-touched trees,

So slip and fall, beyond recall,

The lost hours in Time's world-wide hall.

The child's in artless prattle;

The youth's in artless scheme;

The man's in vain endeavors;

The maid's in fleeting dreams;

And evermore the breakers roar,

O'er lost hours wrecked on Time's rough shore.

## The Fatal Token.—A Romance of American History.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

The sun had gone down in clouds the night before, but contrary to expectation the next morning was clear and beautiful; and though the dew drops still hung heavily upon the leaves, they but added to their freshness. Through the uncut forest lay their route—and after the deep feelings of emotion at parting with the bride for the first time were somewhat quieted in the bosom of Harry Morgan—his eye drank in the beauty of the scene around him, and he indulged in one of those reveries to which the buoyant heart of youth, as well as the more serious one of mature age is often subject. As he rode along, sometimes brushing past the unyielding branches of the sturdy oak, and then bending easily the graceful willow, he traced a resemblance in his own mind between the trees of the forest, and mankind in general. "Now this giant oak," thought he, is like a great man—firm, lofty, magnanimous, amid all the vicissitudes of life. The pine, which preserves its verdure even through the wintry snows, is like the good and virtuous whose characters remain unblemished amid all the temptations of the world. The willow, the emblem of affection—bends beneath the storms of misfortune, and points to the grave as the only refuge from care and sorrow. The locust, which sheds its leaves ere autumn, is like the sanguine hopes of youth, so quickly blasted, even in their spring while those whose verdure changes to the sear and yellow leaf are like old age—the dull, cold winter of life, when its gay scenes have ceased to charm. And what is to be my fate?—like the oak to bear unflinching whatever may befall—or to be overthrown in the midst of high anticipations, and die unhonored and unknown. "But, Thomas!" he exclaimed, roused from his soliloquy by perceiving a sudden termination to the direct path, "we are in a complete labyrinth here. How are we to find an opening through this dense forest?"

The man whom he addressed, who had fallen somewhat in the rear, started at the question, and appeared composed, till the piercing eyes of his master fixed upon him, answered tartly—

"I am not acquainted with this route more than you, Mr. Harry, I told you it was puzzling in the woods, but you would have your own way as usual. You were always obstinate," he muttered to himself.

"Indeed, good Thomas, replied the young soldier mildly, I still persist in the belief that we are safer in the woods than upon the highway. However this is a difficulty I did not anticipate—but here is a traveler, perhaps he can afford us some assistance."

As he spoke, he drew up his steed, and waited the advance of a singular

looking figure, who was plodding along between the trees, bending beneath a large pack, which denoted him to one of those traveling peddlers, so common in those days, when shops were scarce or at too great a distance to be of any use. Hailing the approaching pedestrian, Harry inquired the nearest way to the next village, and the man after taking a large bite of an apple he held in his hand, throwing his pack over his shoulder upon the ground, and wiping his face with a yellow silk handkerchief, replied—

"Well, I reckon as how 'tisn't far from hereabouts. Some go one way, and some 't'her, but I guess if you ain't in a hurry nor nothin', you'd better skin the hills; it's a little further, to be sure—but you'll want provender afore you get there, and I can tell ye, stranger," shaking his head ominously, "there ain't nothin' of that sort by the track to the left. 'Sides that, there's a talk of a party of"—pausing and examining the uniform of the horseman; "a party of the inimy coming along the flats."

"Ha! what do you say? Are the British troops in the vicinity?"

The pedlar, after another desperate attack on the apple, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders, said—

"The British wear red coats, I believe; and such is the riggin of them as passengers at the tavern, I've just left."

"Then, as you say, honest man, we had better cross the hills; for, alone, and almost unarmed, 'prudence is the better part of valor.'"

Upon one of the soft green hills which so frequently diversify the landscapes of America, Morgan and his companion paused to rest. Beneath them lay an extensive plain, studded with cottages, around which lay farms in a high state of cultivation. The harvest had just been gathered in, and the weary laborers looked forward to a suspension of their toil for some months to come. The barns and storehouses groaned with their abundance, and the well-supplied dairy of the bustling household amply repaid her honest industry. All was calm and quiet around; but in one of the fields from which the ripe grain had just been removed, were gathered a group of farmers, whose eager gestures proved the subject of their conversation to be of no ordinary interest. The group consisted altogether of men—sunburnt with toil and exposure—dressed in the plain check or homespun garments of the times. Some were walking to and fro with uneasy steps—others, stretched upon the ground with apparent unconcern—and one or two talking in loud and angry tones. Yet all were of that stout and iron race which our country boasted as her bulwarks of security against the encroachments of the oppressors of her rights.

The pedlar, who at the earnest entreaty of Morgan had continued to guide them, even after the perils of the woods were past, was the first to notice the mysterious gathering, and to comment upon it.

"There's mischief afoot," he exclaimed, "or the boys wouldn't astir so early."

"A sheep strayed, or favorite cow given up the ghost, perhaps," said Thomas.

"I reckon it's somethin' more'n that," replied the pedlar with a shake of his head. "The skinners have been among the mountains, and some say the riggers have placed their pickets a mile or two nearer this place, and I know the boys had rather meet a tribe of Indians any day than either on 'em. Why, they dread 'em more than the locust or army worm."

"I think the British would hardly make their appearance in as quiet a way as the latter enemy," said Morgan laughing.

"That's a fact, answered the pedlar, with another significant shake. "Many's the harvest that has been gathered of late to feed King George's troops. What's the use of working hard in these times to lay up a pittance, and then be robbed on't all? Why, even the boys themselves—peaceable fellows as ever trod shoe leather, can't stand it quietly no longer. They ain't slaves, and they won't be slaves—not they. Old Put has set the example of maintainin' their rights, and I guess if the thiev'n' varnments come among 'em now, they'll find that the boys'll show 'em soynes are good for somthin' more'n mowin' grass. Hallo! look there!—just what I was afeared on—there they come in good earnest!"

"As the honest man spoke, around the base of the hill appeared a group of horsemen, about six in number, and

dressed in the scarlet uniform, so detested by the strugglers for liberty.

"Surely, surely, they will not molest the peaceful laborers," said Harry.

"Won't they though!" ejaculated the pedlar; "what'll hinder 'em!"

"Honor, justice, humanity!" replied the young soldier, watching eagerly the motions of the approaching troops.

"Honor!" exclaimed the pedlar, "Justice, Humanity!" and laughing heartily at the idea, he seized the reins of the fiery steed, which bore the weight of the young soldier.

"Hark ye, stranger"—gazing with admiration into his fine and glowing face—"twere a pity one so handsome and so young should run such a risk alone; but I tell ye, ere ten minutes are gone yonder peaceful dwellings will be stripped of all their winter's store, or lumber must be shed to prevent it. Scarce half a mile from here are the lumber wagons of the royal troops, approaching to carry off the prize. The boys have heard on't, and that's the cause of their gatherin'. Now, if there were only six good stout fellows, as brave looking as yourself, sir, with such animals as this 'ere," slapping the horse, "to gallop down among 'em, and stand by the poor fellows at the onset, I'd wager half my pack there'd be a scatterin' among the robberin' thieves in less than no time, for they're half upset now with lickin' at the tavern. They'd scamper, I tell you."

"And so they shall at any rate," replied the youth. "It shall never be said that an American stood calmly by and witnessed a wrong done to his countrymen. Let us go to the rescue!"

"Stay a moment," said the pedlar, seizing his bridle, "mine's a ticklish situation, for I can't fight, and then be suffered to go about the country unmolested, and for you to go alone—won't do nuther—where's t'other man?" looking round for the servant who seemed busily engaged in some mysterious operation about his horse. "I declare if he isn't sneakin' it. He's afeared!"

"Hold your confounded jaw!" returned the exasperated Thomas, darkly scowling at the poor man. "If Mr. Morgan has a mind to break his neck for other folks, he ought to have some one to take care of his property for him, and I suppose I must stay here and do that while he's gone."

The British soldiers had now reached the field. From their violent jestures, it was evident they were making some demand with which the sturdy old laborers were determined not to comply. A contest was about to ensue, when Morgan, unable to contain himself longer, dashed down the hill to the rescue.

At first, he endeavored to reason with the marauders upon the injustice of the course. As well attempt to stay the raging torrent; the answer was—

"We want provisions, and we will have them; if by fair means, well—but if not, by force."

"But why seek them here, and rob the peaceful inhabitants of the hard-earned fruits of their toil?"

"The subjects of King George are in duty bound to support his soldiers, and we have a perfect right to levy upon whatever provisions we may find in our march through the country."

"I disclaim all allegiance to King George, now, and forever!" exclaimed one of the farmers, flinging his pipe several yards as if to seal the renunciation.

"And I!" shouted another, burying the spade he held deep in the earth.

"And I!" And I!" was uttered in succession.

"And I!" shouted Harry Morgan, flinging off his riding cloak, and displaying his uniform. "Come on, base, cringing, servile wretches, whom neither justice nor humanity can move. Come on! I am one to six; but there is the strength of a dozen men in this arm now; and woe to him who first feels its weight. Come on, I say!"

"Down with the cursed rebel!—hew him in pieces—give him no quarter!" rung in his ears.

"That for you!" screamed Harry, as he levelled the first assailant.

"And that for you!" as his sword pierced deep into the shoulder of another.

But the odds was almost to great, and the farmers, roused to madness by their situation, and moved by the danger of their defender, now seized whatever missile came in their way and rushed to his assistance. Meanwhile the pedlar had stood with open mouth, arms extended, and eyes almost starting from his head, staring at the scene. Now and then his patriotism, and the excitement of the moment, were too much for his philosophy, and he would burst out with the exclamations—

"That's it—give it to 'em boy—pitch into 'em like a thousand o' brick! Rattlesnakes and wooden nutmegs; heow he does go it! Thunder and peuter spins! how hard he hits! Well, I declare, if farmer Johnson ain't a-goin' it tew. Gem-eni! I didn't think he had so much spunk! Badges and punkins! heow the dust flies! Gridirons and Dutch clocks! if that soldier isn't reg-lar grit—then—"

"If you don't stop you cursed jargon you long-legged, half-starved, tattered son of a goose, I'll break your head!" said the man called Thomas, giving the pedlar a violent pull, which nearly upset him.

The Yankee turned and faced his unexpected assailant—placing his hands spread out upon his knees, and bending with his head thrust forward in a peculiar manner, he looked into the face of the man who addressed him so roughly as if he would read his very soul—

"Look a-here, Mr. What-do-ye-call-yourself, my advice is, hands off, if you please. David Hoyt was never shuk that way without givin' a pitch back, that sich a little sneakin', cowardly, snivlin' piece of mortality like you wouldn't like! Ye! follerin' arter that are likely chap yonder! Ye! split me up for slabs, if you don't work him some mischief one on these days. I've seen sich black-browed fellers as you a-fore—what can't look an honest man straight in the face. I see threw you my lad—now hit me agin, if ye like it."

If any of our readers have had the opportunity of visiting the Art Union in the city of New York, and seen the picture lately exhibiting there, entitled, "The first news of the Battle of Lexington," and marked the figure of a blacksmith in the fore-ground, with his hands clenched as if in the act to strike down some approaching foe, they can form some idea of the appearance of the pedlar as he stood facing the quondam servant of Harry Morgan. The doughty Thomas shrunk—not so much from the menacing fists, as from the stern gaze of the despised vender of goods. But soon the attention of both was directed from themselves to the combatants at the foot of the hill. The pedlar, unmolested by Thomas, now added shouts of joy to his other exclamations, as he perceived Harry with his knee placed upon the prostrate form of leader of the troop of horsemen—and the rest having been disarmed by the farmers, were now adjectly pleading for their lives.

"Do you know me, Harry Morgan?" said the defeated Briton, looking up into the flushed face of his opponent.

"I know you not save as a cowardly marauder," replied Harry.

"Do you not remember Augustus Vernon whom you saved from drowning when a boy?"

"I do—rise, sir, and begone. I am no murderer. We were once friends; but now—stay here another moment to trouble these honest men, and not even past recollections shall save you from my vengeance."

He allowed his antagonist to rise—but no sooner did he gain his feet, than he called his men to mount and follow him, and ere he gained his own saddle he approached the young American, and hissing in his ear the words "Harry Morgan, we shall meet again!" disappeared with his troop, breathing rage and vengeance as he went.

(To be continued.)

## Grapes Conduce to Health.

Man requires warmth, cheer, glow, animation, especially mental—that which is to the mind what some stimulants or tonics are to the body—something to animate, inspirit, and promote gayety and hilarity. Steady, monotonous work creates dullness. Mirth and hope constitute two primitive mental faculties, the exercise of which is an imperative necessity. And the craving for alcoholic exhilarations is mainly due to the suppression of mental exhilarations which human nature demands and must have from some source. Hence, denied to it in its natural form, it chooses the gross form of intoxication as preferable to a dead monotony. Now grapes furnish this very cheer. It delights, enlivens, and warms the blood, sends into the surface, and thereby relieves congestion. Vivacity is its legitimate product; no panacea equals it as a remedial agent. Nor is any form of mental discipline equally promotive of cerebral action, for after relieving the brain of surplus blood it reinforces its efficiency. Words can but poorly express the beneficial effects of the grape on human life physically, intellectually, and morally.

—Life III.

A cotemporary wants to know in what age women have been held in the highest esteem. We don't know. They certainly fill a very wide space in the present age.

## The Modern Belle.

BY JOHN G. SAGE.

The daughter sits in the parlor

And rocks in her easy chair;

She's clad in her silks and satins

And jewels are in her hair—

She winks and giggles and simpers,

And simpers and giggles and winks,

And though she talks but a little,

'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in russet,

And ragged and seedy at that—

His coat is out at the elbow,

He wears a shocking bad hat,

He's boarding and saving his shillings,

So carefully day by day,

While she on the beaux and poodles,

Is throwing them all away!

She lies a-bed in the morning,

Till nearly the hour of noon,

Then comes down snapping and snarling,

Because she was called too soon;

Her hair is still in the papers,

Her cheeks still dabbled with paint,

Remains of the last night's blazes,

Before she intended to faint.

She doats upon men unshaven,

And men with the "flowing hair"

She's eloquent over moustaches,

They give such a foreign air,

She talks of Italian music,

And falls in love with the moon,

And though but a mouse should meet her,

She sinks away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,

Her hands are so very white,

Her jewels are so very heavy,

Her head is so very light;

Her color is made of cosmetics,

Though this she never will own,

Her body's made most of cotton,